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Clerk..... J. J. Bell,  
Treasurer..... Wm. Patterson,  
Prosecutor..... G. M. F. Davis,  
Judge of Probate..... H. M. Swarthout,  
Judge of Circuit..... M. J. Taylor,  
C. C. Court..... M. J. Conine,  
Surveyor..... N. E. Britt,  
Coroners..... W. H. Sherman,  
W. Haynes.

**SUPERVISORS.**  
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South Branch..... Ira H. Richardson,  
Beaver Creek..... W. Batterson,  
Maple Forest..... J. J. Coventry,  
Grayling..... R. S. Babbitt,  
Frederickville..... A. Barker,  
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**W. M. WOODWORTH,**  
**Physician and Surgeon,**  
GRAYLING, MICH.

*U. S. Examining Surgeon for Pensions.*

Graduate of University of Mich. 1853.  
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*240 Miles Shorter and 12 hours quicker*

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*Points East and Southeast*

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*Districts.*

**GOING EAST.**

Leave Marquette..... 9:30 p. m.

do Onondaga..... 11:00 a. m.

do Marquette..... 11:00 a. m.

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# Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER,

JUSTICE AND RIGHT.

PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR

VOL. IV.

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THE AVALANCHE,  
REPUBLICAN.

Published every Thursday, at Grayling, Mich. by

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BUTTONS, and in fact everything

usually kept in a

FIRST-CLASS

Jewelry Establishment.

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fident he can please one and all in

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J. P. LE ROUX & Co.

Wholesale and retail dealers in Men's, Youth's

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CLOTHING,

FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS,

TRUNKS, VALISES, &c.

AGENTS FOR THE EIGHM PAT

ENT SHIRTS.

100 Water St., Bay City, Mich.

On the reassembling of the Legisla-  
ture on Tuesday the vote for United  
States Senator in joint convention  
was not a full one, seventeen members  
not being present. Following is the re-  
sult: Whole number of votes, 115,  
necessary to choose, 58; Ferry 43, Stout  
42; remainder scattering.

Representative Palmer has been look-  
ing after the West Branch and Au-  
gusta State road. It is all finished ex-  
cept six miles and this will be completed  
in the spring or the present con-  
tractor will be replaced by one who  
will complete the job as soon as weather  
will permit. This rail will bring  
the people from that country to West  
Branch to trade. Ogemaw Herald.

The Herald and the Times, both  
published at West Branch, Ogemaw  
county, are having a war of words  
over who is most to blame—the man  
who sells liquor or the man who im-  
bibes. The Herald thus far has ar-  
gued with sound, common-sense logic,  
while its contemporary, the Times, has  
simply been gushing forth with "twee-  
dle-twee-dle."

On Thursday, Jan. 18th, in the  
House, Representative Palmer gave  
notice that he would ask leave to in-  
troduce, on some future day, a bill to  
amend Sec. 1 of Chap. 10 of Act No.  
164, of the Public Acts of 1881, ap-  
proved May 21, 1881, entitled, "An  
act to revise and consolidate the laws  
relating to public instruction and pri-  
mary schools, and to repeal all sta-  
tutes and acts contravening the pro-  
visions of this act." And on the follow-  
ing day, leave being granted, Mr.  
Palmer introduced House Bill No. 73,  
entitled (as above). The bill was read  
a first and second time by its title, and  
referred to the committee on education.

**STREET BEGGARS—THEIR DARK**

**WAYS AND VAIN TRICKS.**

A veteran of the Mexican war,  
whose leg was amputated at the knee  
for five years excited the sympathy  
of the people above Fourteenth  
street. A boy sits on the walk in  
Fourteenth street with his hat between  
his stumps of legs. Another boy, who  
is paralyzed, drags himself up and down  
a space about a rod in length in Union  
square and makes money. A woman  
has learned to twist her hands in such a  
way that they present the appearance  
of a horrible deformity. She adds to  
the pitiable spectacle by screwing up  
her face in a manner that is calculated  
to draw a few pennies at least from  
the pockets of the charitable. A  
lump-backed man lies like a ball on the  
walk in Twenty third street. His wife  
assists him. She waits at some dis-  
tance until she sees a person whom she  
thinks would give coming along, and  
then walking up to her husband as  
though an entire stranger drops a sin-  
gle penny into his hand. The idea is  
that the sight of a poor, ragged wo-  
man giving will soften the heart of  
the person who sees the act. It is a  
very common sight to see women sit-  
ting on the curbstone playing with  
piping and intermittent hand-organ  
holding a babe in their arms. Often  
these babes are hired for the pur-  
pose. Blind men generally employ  
boys to lead them about. A dattless  
man will just up to a pedestrian and  
say: "I am just out of the hospital,  
and I would like to ask you, sir, if you  
have an old hat at home, to give me."  
Of course, the man cannot go home to  
get the hat, and the beggar, if any at-  
tention is paid to him, receives a mon-  
ey gift. A well-dressed man at one  
time made Broadway the scene of his  
operations. His linen was clean, his  
clothing was carefully brushed, and his  
shoes were neatly polished. He was  
thrown out of employment, and pawned  
his furniture piece by piece. His wife  
and children wanted for bread and  
his pride fell. Fifty cents would  
keep the wolf from the door for a day,  
and he would repay the favor when he  
secured work. He made a mistake by  
going into several places twice.

Women well attired go into offices  
and, saying they have lost their pocket-  
books, ask for a loan sufficient to  
pay their fare home. They invariably  
give a street far up town, so as to ob-  
tain the elevated railway fare, 10 cents.  
They say their husbands will return  
the amount. A man entered the ticket  
office of a railroad company on Broad-  
way last week and asked the atten-  
tion to Chicago. He said his money  
had been stolen and he was going to  
walk to that city. The hearts of the  
clerks were hardened and the scheme  
did not work. A half-drunken fellow  
asked a hotel clerk to write a letter  
for him to take to Peter Cooper saying  
the bearer was a deserving man. The  
clerk wrote instead that he was an im-  
poster, and the man, not knowing the  
difference, took the letter to Mr. Cooper's  
house. Last winter an old fellow  
in a line coat came around to an  
office in Broadway, near Twenty-third  
street, regularly, and was given some-  
thing each time. Finally it was  
thought if he was really needy he  
ought to be helped. There had been a  
heavy fall of snow. A shovel was  
brought out and he was told he would  
be paid \$2 if he would clean the walk.  
"Oh, no, sir," said he. "I can't. I have  
a pain in my back."—N. Y. Times

**AN APPEAL TO WOMEN.**

During the special session of the  
Michigan legislature in the winter of  
1880-81, the committee on education  
and public schools—Messrs. Patter-  
son, Kilpatrick and Morrison—after  
consultation with Mr. Gover, the su-  
perintendent of public instruction,  
presented a bill which, being adopted  
without any opposition, gave us section  
17 of act No. 164, found on page 168,  
session laws of 1881.

This gives to every woman who is 21  
years of age, and also parent or legal  
guardian of any child included in the  
school census of the district, the privi-  
lege of expressing by vote her choice  
concerning the management of the  
school, provided she has been a resi-  
dent of the school district for three  
months or upon any territory belong-  
ing thereto. This law also continues to  
every woman who pays tax upon prop-  
erty the privilege, already granted, of  
voting upon the raising and the ex-  
penditure of school moneys as well as  
other questions, provided, she has been a  
resident for three months.

This opens the way for every such  
woman, (mother or tax-payer) to bear  
upon the school the influence of her  
own convictions, and makes her as  
much as any other resident of the dis-  
trict, responsible for the choice of  
school officers, and through that elect-  
ion for the selection of proper teach-  
ers, the intellectual and moral training  
of the children and everything per-  
taining to school management.

The law also says: "That any fe-  
male persons of or above 21 years,  
who has resided in this state three  
months and in the township 10 days  
next preceding any election shall be  
eligible to the office of school inspec-  
tor," any qualified voter in a school  
district who has property liable to as-  
sessment for school taxes shall be eli-  
gible to election or appointment to  
office in such school district unless such  
person be an alien."

Our free schools are the pride of this  
republic. Do results show them to be  
all they should be as conservatories of  
the highest interest of our children?  
We desire to call attention to the  
number of youths of 17 years and over  
who are confirmed in the use of  
bad language, tobacco and intoxicat-  
ing liquors. We need to make our  
schools a more direct and certain in-  
strumentality for the prevention of  
these debasing habits. Schools should  
be not only gardens of intellectual  
culture, but should second the physi-  
cal and moral training of the best  
homes.

Physical and moral training, though  
an accepted feature of our schools, is  
not, of course, the prominent part of  
our curriculum, and the school receiving  
representatives from all classes of  
homes, if not aided by the best moral  
elements of society, fails to sufficiently  
instruct and restrain the vicious and  
untaught. Our free school system  
makes it the birthright of every child  
to receive instruction in the rudiments  
of sciences. Do not the signs of the  
times indicate that it is equally impor-  
tant to instruct every child concern-  
ing the baneful effects of alcohol and  
tobacco?

There are many school districts  
where it is desirable that more time and  
attention be given to school matters  
by the proper officers. In some of  
these districts it is possible to place  
in office a woman eminent for sound  
judgment, experience and moral sense.  
She would give such attention to the  
appointments of the school room, as  
to promote the comfort and welfare  
of the pupils. Her efforts would aid  
the teachers in such educational and  
reformatory works as would counter-  
act evil influences.

The state having recognized you as  
responsible guardians for the children  
whom God has given you, and your  
participation in the management of  
a school affairs being absolutely es-  
sary for the greatest good of all, we earnestly  
appeal to every mother, every  
female guardian or taxpayer, to awak-  
en to the importance of these privi-  
leges and powers. Remember that  
neglect of these duties will make you  
personally accountable for any loss,  
physical or moral, resulting thereby  
to your own or other children.

We urge all W. C. T. unions, to  
make plans for utilizing the education-  
al ballot and to arouse the women to  
their several communities to make  
this a part of their regular work.

W. C. T. U. Com. on Franchise.

The AVALANCHE office is turning  
out a large quantity of job work, such  
as letter head, note heads, bill heads,  
envelopes, tags, etc., etc. We guar-  
antee satisfaction, and do work as  
cheap as any office in the State.

Mr. Elie Labland, Ludington, Mich.,  
says: "I have used Brown's Iron  
Bitters very satisfactorily as a blood  
purifier."

The record of disasters made since  
the opening of 1883 would seem to dis-  
credit the adage, that there is luck in  
odd numbers. The Newhall house  
horror, the sinking of the steamer City  
of Brussels off the Merce, the burning  
of a circus in Russia, the accident to  
and burning of a railroad train on the  
Southern Pacific railroad in California,  
the fire in the Planters' house, St.  
Louis, the floods in Germany and  
Hungary, the explosion of the maga-  
zines at Oakland, California, and the  
sinking of the Cimarra, each sacrificing  
the lives of from six to one hundred  
and fifty persons, constitute a list of  
casualties which will make January  
memorable among the months.

The unsettled condition of affairs  
on the Mackinaw extension of the  
Michigan Central railroad is being ad-  
justed. At West Branch, Tuesday, a  
snow-plow was stuck fast in the snow,  
and at Gaylord three engines were off  
the track, but in the afternoon the en-  
gines were returned to the track and  
the snow-plow was pulled out of the  
snow at West Branch. The road was  
comparatively clear Tuesday evening,  
and mail trains were making connec-  
tions nearly on time.—B. C. Tribune.

**THE DIGESTION OF AN OSTRICH.**

It has commonly been made to ap-  
pear that ostriches are so stupid or so  
greedy as to be totally indiscriminate  
in the matter of food; but this is a  
mistake. When two kinds of food are  
placed before them they will prefer  
the one, and are notably fond of cer-  
tain kinds, such as mealies and prickly  
pears. Many of them even show deli-  
cate choice. But a hungry bird will  
eat almost anything. His system re-  
quires food in large quantity, but he  
always prefers the suitable kinds. It  
is a fact, however, that the ostrich of-  
ten dies a victim of over-indulgence.

On the farms birds also die by the  
score from apoplexy, brought on by  
their keepers stuffing them constantly  
with all they can eat. An incredible  
number of pebbles are sometimes  
found in the stomachs of these things  
they serve the same purpose, in frut-  
rating the food, as sand in a pigeon's  
gizzard. Mr. Tillbrook, a farmer of  
the Grand Reinet district, once found  
a carcass, the gizzard of which con-  
tained some 930 stones of sizes vary-  
ing from that of a pea to that of a  
walnut. Most of them were bright  
and hard, and all more or less round-  
ed by constant rubbing. We may see  
the reason of that instinct which  
prompts an ostrich to stretch over the  
fence and pick off a gold stud or a  
diamond pin from the breast of the  
unsuspecting visitor, or, in default of  
a jewel so attractive, to attempt to  
pull a button off his coat.—E. B. Big-  
gar, in the Century.

**A GOOD LITTLE BOY.**

An Austin mother said to her eldest  
boy, the other night, at the supper ta-  
ble:

"Why, Franky, I never knew you be-  
fore to ask for preserves a second time."  
Franky didn't say much, but his lit-  
tle brother Tommy, who was innocent  
of the ways of bad boys, spoke up,  
with a guileless smile on his pure little  
face, and said:

"That's because Franky lost the key  
he made to open the pantry. That's  
why he never used to want much pre-  
serves at the supper table. He used to  
get all he wanted before supper, but  
now he can't open the pantry."

After Franky's father had adminis-  
tered the proper corrective, and the  
stricken youth was left alone in the  
shed to repent of his crime, Tommy  
remarked to himself, as he sat down to  
study his Sunday-school lesson:

"I expect poor Franky is sorry he  
didn't give me some of them preserves  
when I asked him for them. He will  
know better next time."—Texas Sit-  
tings.

NINETY years ago the first English  
missionary offered himself, and now  
there are 5,000 evangelical foreign  
missionaries and 30,000 native helpers  
of all kinds.

It may be, as predicted by a Chi-  
cago paper, that the day is coming when  
the science of medicine will cure 84  
out of 100 patients, but we will have  
to wait a while. At this date—and in  
Chicago, too—hardly one doctor in  
three can tell small-pox from measles  
until the patient gives it away.

St. Louis exchange says striped  
parasols are the place of striped  
stockings. Maybe they have in St.  
Louis, but we have not noticed any-  
body here wearing striped parasols on  
their—at least, where they used to  
wear stockings. We don't catch on to  
the styles very quick here.—Peck's  
Sun.

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S HEIGHT.**

Leonard W. Volk replies as follows  
in The Century to a denial of his state-  
ment in regard to Lincoln's height:

I have read the communication in  
The Century for October, and can only  
reiterate that Abraham Lincoln was  
just six feet one inch when I measured  
him in April, 1860. As before stated,  
I placed him back against the studio  
wall and made a mark over his head,  
as I had done in the case of Senator  
Douglas two years before. I measured  
from the floor up to the mark several  
times in order to be sure it was right,  
desiring to know the exact difference  
in the heights of these two men, which  
was just twelve inches. I thought Mr.  
Lincoln fairly erect when I marked on  
the wall. Possibly he might have  
stretched up an inch or two higher,  
but at that date it is hardly possible  
he could have expanded three inches in  
length. I am now reminded of a story  
told me while at Springfield a few  
years since of Mr. Lincoln's faculty  
for stretching himself out in length.  
I did not know of this, however, at  
the time I measured him, or I should  
have requested him to give his full  
height. The following is the story:

A vagabond made one day in Spring-  
field between some friends of Mr. Lin-  
coln and of O. M. Hatch, late Secre-  
tary of the State of Illinois (also a tall  
slender man) as to their relative height.  
Mr. Hatch was first placed against the  
wall, so a mark could be made over his  
head, Mr. Lincoln remarking at the  
time, "Now, Hatch, stand fair." When  
the mark was duly made Mr. Lincoln  
was placed beside it, and at first Mr.  
Hatch's friends declared they had won  
the wager. "Wait," said Mr. Lin-  
coln. "The mark is not yet made for  
me." Then he began to stretch him-  
self out like India rubber, and was  
nearly two inches above Mr. Hatch's  
mark, carrying off the stakes amidst  
the shouts and laughter of the by-  
standers.

In the model of the statue I made  
for him in 1878 I represent him 6 feet  
3 inches high, which is over his real  
life size.

Mr. Lincoln looked taller than he  
really was, owing to his thin, bony,  
lank form.

The AVALANCHE office has received  
a fine lot of new job type, and is now  
prepared to compete with any office in  
the State for letter heads, bill heads,  
note heads, etc., etc., before ordering else-  
where.



# The Avalanche

O. PALMER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

JANUARY AND JUNE.

Said January to June:  
"Pray, I'll take together,  
The bit of all in tune,  
And sunny is the weather.  
Before the long day closes,  
A pretty sight I know,  
Worth all your summer roses."

Then, as they went, the air  
Gave thick with now-falling flying;  
But not the roses fair  
Hung down their heads, a-dying.

Cried June, in sorrow: "Nay,  
We may not take together;  
You've turned my pink to gray,  
And spoilt my little weather."

So now, I pray you, go,  
Before my last bad close,  
Take your cold with snow,  
And give me back my roses."

—Margaret Johnson, in St. Nicholas.

## A RHINE STORY.

"And you mean to say you'll swim down the Rhine to the picnic?"

"Yes, Miss Carrie; every inch of the way. I'll start from the bath and send my clothes on by a cart, and meet you when you arrive in the carriage."

"Well, if you do, Mr. Beecher, you shall sit next me at the lunch as a reward. What do you think of that? But be careful and don't run any risks; the current, you know, is very strong in some places."

"What's this, Miss Carrie?" said I, joining in the conversation. "Is Beecher going to swim down to-morrow?"

"Yes," he says so; but I don't think he can manage it."

"Well, if he can, I can; and, to prove it, I'll swim with him." The fact was, I was very jealous of Beecher; and, being a good swimmer myself, I was determined not to be outdone. But, in order to explain the state of my feelings, I must go back a little.

I was staying as a guest with my uncle and aunt at C., on the Rhine. They had come for a month's holiday, and, having no children of their own, had asked me to accompany them—an invitation which I very readily accepted, more especially as they had another guest in the person of Miss Carrie Danvers, the daughter of one of their oldest friends. I had before met Miss Danvers at their house, and on that occasion she had made "her mark" on my heart; and now, in the month we were to spend in each other's society, I calculated on being able to return the compliment, and I hoped, ere I again saw England, to have obtained her consent to become, at no distant period, Mrs. McGrath—an arrangement which I felt sure would please my relations.

For the first fortnight of our stay at smoothly, and I congratulated myself on the progress I was making. But, unfortunately for me, while we were walking in the Kurpark Gardens one evening after dinner, we came across the Beecher family, neighbors of my uncle in England, and who, finding him at C., and being charmed with the place, determined to make a stay there also. I liked all the family except the eldest son, Jack—in the Guards. Under other circumstances, I doubtless should have liked him; but just now, he was in the way, very much in the way. He, too, was an old acquaintance of Miss Carrie, and, at times, I felt inclined to believe something more than an acquaintance. As I have stated above, I was jealous of him—and that was the long and short of the matter. Since he had arrived, I had not Miss Carrie to myself as formerly; Jack Beecher shared in our walks and conversations, to an extent I did not approve of, but I am bound to admit his presence seemed to give the young lady considerable pleasure, and this made my pain all the more keen.

Sometimes previous to the evening on which I have introduced myself and friends to the reader, a picnic had been settled on at M., a charming spot on the Rhine, some four miles below C. The Beechers were all coming, and some other English folk, whose acquaintance we had made during our stay, together with two or three German officers stationed at C.

The excursion promised to be a very pleasant one, and the fine weather was all that was required to make the trip delightful. It had been arranged we should drive down to M., starting at 11 o'clock, and we were now discussing the final arrangements, and settling who was to be responsible for the salt, who for the spoons, and who for the various other little necessities and comforts, which are generally found to be missing when the picnic cloth is laid.

"Yes," continued I, turning to Jack Beecher, "I'll swim down with you to-morrow."

"Thanks," replied he. "That will be very jolly. It would be rather solitary work by one's self. We ought to start about 10.30, certainly not later; for, even with the stream in our favor, we shall not be able to go as fast as the carriages. Will that suit you?"

"Oh, yes, that will do very well indeed."

"All right; then I will make arrangements to-night for a man to take our clothes on in a cart, and I shall expect to see you at the bath at 10.30 sharp."

"Right you are, Beecher; I'll be there."

The conversation after this turned upon general topics, and in a short time our party broke up, and we retired for the night to our respective hotels.

The next morning, after breakfast I found Carrie in the drawing-room at the piano, and, as she was alone, I seized upon the opportunity of improving the occasion. I got her to sing, then I sang (I rather fancied my own voice in those days), and finally we tried some duets together. She was very nice and kind, and the minutes passed so rapidly that when she at length asked me whether it was not time for her to go and prepare for her drive, I was astonished to find it was just 10.30. I knew I should be late for my appointment with Beecher, and so ran as hard as I could all the way and arrived at the baths about ten minutes after time, and I thought that he had already started. I learnt that he could easily catch him before he reached M., so undressed quickly and plunged in at once. When I had proceeded a few yards I remembered about my clothes, and shouted back to the custodian of the baths telling him to let the man have them with those of Mr. Beecher. He made some reply which I did not catch, and away I went, doing my best to overtake my rival. It was a glorious swim and I thoroughly enjoyed it. The current was so strong that but little exertion was required. All you had to do was to keep your head above water and the river did the rest. After going some two miles I turned a corner, and could just make out Beecher a long way ahead of me. I put on a spurt, but I didn't gain on him as I expected. He was a better swimmer than I had given him credit for being, and arrived at the destination a good five minutes before me. When I did arrive I found him seated on the bank dressing.

"Why, McGrath, is that you?" he shouted. "I thought you were not coming; I waited a few minutes for you, and then set off alone."

"I was rather late," I replied; "I didn't quite know how the time was going."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter! You have arrived to the minute, for here are the carriages; so get out and dress at once."

I scrambled up the bank and dried myself. "Where has the fellow put my clothes? I don't see them."

"I'm sure I can't say," he replied. "Who did you send them by?"

"By your man."

"No; I'm sure you didn't. He started with mine before I commenced my swim. I saw him safely on the road, for fear of any mistake."

"Then mine haven't come. Good gracious! what am I to do?"

"My dear fellow, I am awfully sorry; but I had no idea you would come, when you didn't show up at the right time, or I would have made him wait."

"Confound it, this is a nuisance. I can't appear as I am; or, at best, clad only in a couple of wet towels, can I?"

"No; that you can't," said he, laughing. "As I thought, in a very unbecoming way. And, what is more, you can't stay where you are, for here are some of the ladies coming on the bank; into the water with you quick!"

"There was nothing else for it, so in I went up to my neck."

"Now stay there quietly while I go and explain matters, and see what can be done for you," he shouted, as he disappeared over the bank.

My temper was none of the best, and my thoughts were none of the most pleasant as I stood soaking in the Rhine. He appeared to have been away an hour, when he at length returned, accompanied by a German officer.

"You can come out now," he shouted; "I have explained matters, and Lieut. Linden here is kind enough to say he will lend you his military overcoat—it is a good long one so you will be all right. Out you come."

Out I did come most promptly, with profuse thanks to Lieut. Linden for his most acceptable loan. He was a tall man and the garment reached nearly to my heels. I know I cut a sorry figure, and though I received a considerable amount of sympathy from the party when I appeared among them, still it was mixed with smiles and but partially concealed laughter, which was most galling to my feelings. It was out of the question that I should remain longer in this single garment than was absolutely necessary, so I determined at once to return to C. and claim my clothes. Fortunately the man who had brought those of Danvers had not returned, and I was thus enabled to obtain a lift back, otherwise I should have had to walk as the carriages had returned at once, before my misfortune became known. The party all came down to the road to see me start, and now, as I look back upon the accident, I can forgive the laughter they then indulged in, for I certainly must have looked very curious—no hat, no boots or stockings, only a military overcoat, on a supposition exhibition of sang froid on the part of Lieut. Linden, preventing any liability to a panic at a time of imminent peril, where a large ship of the line was held upon her side by a furious wind, and with little prospect of righting, deserves to be recorded and handed down to coming generations as an example worthy of imitation by all seamen when suddenly overwhelmed by extraordinary danger.

—Continued from page 1.

full complement of regiments. In vain I urged, in the best German I could command, that I was not a soldier, and endeavored to explain how I came to be in that get-up at all; but he would not hear a word, and for two

mortal hours I was locked up in the guard-house before I was taken to the superior officer. Here I again went through an explanation, and this time with more effect, as I was liberated, after receiving a warning to be more careful in future, and make better arrangements about my clothes when next I swam down the Rhine. I didn't waste much time in getting my belongings and dressing, and was soon driving back to M. When I arrived there I found dinner had been over some time, and I had to content myself with a solitary meal, as every one had wandered off in various directions. Just as I had finished, and was regaining my good temper to some extent, Carrie and Beecher returned. They were very anxious to know the cause of my delay, and when I concluded the account of my sufferings, Carrie said, "And now we have something to tell you," and then followed a piece of information which, if I had received it before my meal, would have effectually driven away my appetite, and as it was it banished at once and forever my idea of making her Mrs. McGrath. From that moment I date my dislike to Germany. To lose my clothes and be arrested was bad enough; but to lose my sweetheart was worse. I left for England the next day, and I have never seen the Rhine since, and I don't care if I never see it again. —London Graphic.

## ON A STORMY SEA.

We had a very calm passage until within four days of New York. The steamer was light, and short rolling for three days; I never deemed anything aboard capable of. The oscillations were as regular and almost as rapid as those of a common pendulum. It was one steady see-saw night and day. The deck for ever so few seconds was like a Mansard roof up, and without the pause of a second it was rolled like a log and to and fro in my bunk, and no amount of self-checking would secure me. At last, I hit upon a fashion of screwing my head into one corner of the berth, and somehow I don't know how—I could make that end of my body stay there, but all below the waist, especially the legs, thrashed about like a pair of whiplashes. I became so tired of this involuntary exercise that my whole body ached. I asked the second mate on the second day of this commotion if he never ached. "Ache!" said he. "Yes;—blast and— a life like this."

I wish I could get something to do on shore. The trip before the last we rolled worse for six days. The end of the officers' bridge touched water half a dozen times an hour, and we were all worn-out with the movement and racket.

This comforted me. Beside, I heard some of the cabin passengers screaming and shouting, and I felt that I was not alone. The cabin steward was busy putting up extra bunkboards to keep them from rolling out. One morning I saw the stewardess en route from the cook's room to the cabin with a breakfast for some state-room victim. She carried in one hand a tiny coffee-pot, and in the other a plate of sausages, fried a beautiful brown—how beautiful they looked! The ship gave an extra double-twist, a flop, a fling, and then a sharp rebound. The stewardess flew one way; the coffee-pot another, and the sausages, broken plate and all, slid in a confusion of pieces straight before her. That comforted me more still. Then a senesick woman, who for the sake of fresh air had been brought out on the main or covered deck and tied in her East India reclining chair, shot out of her lashings like a bolt from a catapult and brought up a confused and limp heap of mortality in the lee scuppers. Before she could be secured the ship manuevered, and she shot back again, bringing up in the lee of her chair, to which she clung until one of the hands, dashing forward, secured her with a half-hitch. All this I noted as I clung to an iron stanchion, expecting every moment to see the deck jerked off by the masts out, and though gravity seemed a trifle nearer than usual, still I was even more comforted. —Pretence Mayford, in San Francisco Chronicle.

## PRESENCE OF MIND.

It was related of the First Lieutenant, afterward Commodore, Thomas W. Wyman, that when the Delaware was thrown on her broadside, with difficult climbing he succeeded in reaching the quarter-deck, where, snatching the trumpet from the officer in charge, his first order, given in a voice heard distinctly far and aft, was: "Keep clear of the paint-work!" This command to hundreds of human beings packed in the lee scuppers like sardines in a box instantly restored them to order, they naturally feeling that if at such a time, with a line-of-battle ship on her "beam ends," clean-paint-work was of paramount importance, their condition could not be a serious one. This unsuppressed exhibition of sang froid on the part of Lieut. Wyman, preventing any liability to a panic at a time of imminent peril, where a large ship of the line was held upon her side by a furious wind, and with little prospect of righting, deserves to be recorded and handed down to coming generations as an example worthy of imitation by all seamen when suddenly overwhelmed by extraordinary danger.

—Continued from page 1.

There are 1,000,000 grown people in this country who can neither read nor write, but when it comes to talking about the nonsense of our public-school system they can make themselves heard half a mile away.

## OBITUARY CURIOSITIES.

A hundred years ago announcements of deaths were often expanded into biographical paragraphs, much more amusing and interesting than the curt advertisements familiar to modern eyes.

Dobbs, described as Ross, dying in 1798, aged 87, is section of the only inhabitant of the place having any recollection of the person or manners of John Kyrle, the Man of Ross. There was much ringing, singing and drinking at his interment, the ceremonies commencing at noon, and the clock had told 3 in the morning before the tears of the tankard were dried up. No such unseemly merrymaking attended the obsequies of Thomas Bond, of Litchfield, "the original" of Scrooge in the "Beaux Stragagems," or those of "Mr. Paalmannar, well known in many ingenious performances in different parts of literature," who died in August, 1763, many years after he created a sensation by the publication of his fictitious "History of Formosa."

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* of July, 1799, we read: "At Bristol Hot Wells, Anthony Morris Storer, Esq., of Devonshire street, and Turley, Bucks. A man whose singular felicity it was to excel in everything he set his hand and heart to, and who deserved in a certain degree, if any one ever did, since the days of Crichton, the epithet of Admirable. He was the best dancer, the best skater of his time, and bent all his competitors at gymnastic honors. He excelled, too, as a musician and a disputant, and very early, as a Latin poet. In short, whatever he undertook, he did it to amuse, and as perfectly as if it were his only accomplishment. He was polite in his conversation, elegant in his manners, and amusing in a high degree or otherwise, in the extreme, as he felt himself and his company."

Recording the death, in 1762, of the Hon. John Petre, Mr. Urban informs us that this younger brother of Lord Petre was the eighteenth member of the family that had died of small-pox in the space of twenty-seven years. In 1768, was executed, behind his own meeting-house, at Grey Abbey, near Belfast, in Ireland, for treason, the Rev. James Porter, a dissenting minister. His head was not severed from his body. In the same year, Sergeant Mackay, of the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers, went over to the majority prematurely. "The cause of his death originated in the treatment he received at the barbarous amusement frequent in that city on his Majesty's birthday called 'making burghers'; at which time, and from the same cause, a gentleman of the royal corps of artillery unfortunately received his death." More mysteries was the demise of the land-holy of the "Three Stags," in St. George's Fields, London. Indulging in an afternoon nap behind the bar, she dreamed she saw herself come into a room, and she spoke to and shook hands with her second self. Whether it was her delusion or not, certain it is that the next morning she was taken ill and died in a quarter of an hour. A Mrs. Johnson went off without even that much warning, dying. "Suddenly as she sat in her chair, and next day her husband as suddenly." Even more of one mind were a Yorkshire pair, who were born on the same day, died nearly at the same time, and, but that was a matter of course, "were deposited in the same grave"—a notification that would have belittled the announcement: "At Prescott, Lancashire, Mrs. Blokesley, aged 108; Mrs. Chorley, aged 97; and Mrs. Denmet, aged 75; they were intimate acquaintances, and all died within the space of twelve hours." —Chambers' Journal.

## A FREE-BYTERIAN INDEED.

Yamouth, Nova Scotia, has a witty and wide-awake Presbyterian elder of pronounced Scotch antecedents, who, although a persistent advocate of the "Westminster Confession," will occasionally, for convenience sake, and from an innate love of civil religious intercommunion, attend the meetings of his Methodist brethren.

At a recent prayer-meeting of the latter body of Christians that was held as preparation to a centennial service in commemoration of the progress of Methodism in Nova Scotia, the president minister dwelt eloquently upon the wonderful growth and prosperity of the Methodist church, and of a great founder, John Wesley. He also expressed thankfulness that to-day there were 109 Methodist ministers in Nova Scotia.

The meeting thus very naturally assumed a denominational character, and the minister asked our good Presbyterian brother to lead in prayer at the close. The elder complied, and, after thanking the Lord for the many good things he had just heard "about this branch of Zion," he added, with much more depth of feeling, "O Lord, we thank Thee for John Wesley, but we especially thank Thee for John Knox; we thank Thee for the 109 Methodist ministers in our country, but we especially thank Thee for the 113 Presbyterian ministers who are preaching the Word of Life throughout our land. Amen."

Presbyterianism will not lose any luster by that earnest elder, even in a Methodist prayer-meeting. —Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine.

## RUSSIAN LONGEVITY.

"By the way," remarked the doctor, as his visitor got up to leave, "I said just now that America could produce more cases of longevity than any other country. I must except the coldest regions of Russia, as I understand there is a level country about 100 leagues

square, sloping to the south on the border of Siberia, where a year rarely passes in the course of which some person does not die at the age of 130. I asked a Russian physician whether the reports could be depended upon, and he says they are kept by the priests of the Greek church, who, for reasons of faith, are most rigid in regard to the exactitude of age of their dead." —Philadelphia Press.

## THE MILWAUKEE FIRE.

Nineteen bodies, or rather parts of the bodies of nineteen persons, had been dug out of the ruins of the burned hotel up to the morning of the 16th inst. One or two of the bodies were taken, and almost buried as to preclude the possibility of identification. Of the others only fragments were found. A horrible feature of the calamity is revealed in the number of fragments of human flesh and bones found in the ruins—here a foot, there an arm, and elsewhere a portion of a skull or some other portion of a body, which goes to show that as the victims fell back in the vortex of flame and descended with the floor-timbers, they fell upon the network of gas and water-pipes and were torn to pieces. It has been ascertained that Mr. Brown, of Hamilton, Ont., his wife and four children were in the hotel. They were introduced by Mr. Cook for the relief fund, and the Western Union Telegraph Company \$100.

A Milwaukee dispatch of the 16th says: Fifty-one bodies have so far been recovered, twenty-eight of which are buried having been left in the street. The bodies were found in a heap under the location of the servants' quarters. A correct estimate as to the loss of life is not yet made. It is estimated that the bodies of the victims are as follows: Twenty-five bodies were found in the hotel; eleven bodies were found in the street; and five bodies were found in the ruins of the hotel.

A Milwaukee dispatch of the 16th says: The fifth day's search through the ruins of the burned Newhall House for the remains of the victims of the night conflagration ended in the discovery of the remains of eleven bodies, making a total of thirty-nine found since the work was begun. The hotel was dug out by the fire department, and the bodies were found in the ruins of the hotel. The bodies were found in the ruins of the hotel, and the bodies were found in the ruins of the hotel.

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## MICHIGAN LEGISLATURE.

The Legislature had a quiet and uneventful session on the 11th inst. In the Senate, the Committee on Coast, River and Harbor Improvements reported favorably the bill to require reports from Directors of River Improvements to be made and signed by the Secretary as well as the Directors. Senator Bowers presented a petition from citizens of Detroit asking for a recount of the vote cast at the recent elections in the county of Wayne. The Senate in executive session considered the appointments of Gen. W. P. Davis as Commissioner of Railroads, and A. P. Swineford as Deputy of Mineral Statistics. Thomas M. Dean, of Detroit, was introduced and nominated a member of the Metropolitan Board of Police of Detroit. In the House, the bill to provide for punishment for assault with deadly weapons was reported with amendments. A bill was introduced to secure titles to lands held by settlers on the Detroit and Milwaukee railroad land grant, to amend an act to provide a standard form for policies of insurance. The Union members of the Legislature held a caucus in the evening and nominated Byron G. Stout, of Pontiac, for the United States Senate at the seventh ballot. O. M. Barnes, Henry Charnick, John Moor and George P. Sanford being the principal competitors.

At the session of the Legislature on the 12th inst. Nothing of importance occurred. In the Senate, a memorial was received from the State Association of Engineers, asking the appointment of a commission to clearly define the boundary between Ohio and Michigan, and to provide a standard form for policies of insurance. The Union members of the Legislature held a caucus in the evening and nominated Byron G. Stout, of Pontiac, for the United States Senate at the seventh ballot. O. M. Barnes, Henry Charnick, John Moor and George P. Sanford being the principal competitors.

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## THE AVALANCHE.

O. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, January 26, 1883.

### LOCAL ITEMS.

Literary Entertainment At the town hall To-morrow evening. Do not fail to be present.

School books at the P. O.

Locals items are just about as scarce as tadpoles.

Decidedly cool—the weather for the past few days.

The Michigan Almanac at the P. O. Green tea for 40c per lb. at J. C. Silsbee's.

Mrs. A. Lovey, of Grove township, is the guest of Mrs. O. Palmer.

Remember the literary entertainment at the hall to-morrow evening.

We have a large and varied line of invitation cards. Call and examine them.

Roscommon will have to face the music. A string band has lately been organized there.

Almost all kinds of canned fruit and vegetables at J. C. Silsbee's.

Mr. Andrew Love had the misfortune of having a fine horse die with colic on Sunday night.

A gentleman's black kid glove was left in P. O. one day last week. Owner can have same by calling at this office.

The trains for the past week have been a little "off"—from their regular running time. Cause, too much snow on tracks.

The AVALANCHE office received another invoice of envelopes, bill heads, business cards, &c., last Monday.

Messrs. Anderson Bro., Midland City, says: "We have sold Brown's Iron Bitters quite largely, and it gives entire satisfaction."

It was fearful hard work to recognize some of our most prominent citizens while on the streets last Monday. Reason, the cold wave necessitated "bundling up."

Ladies, do you wish for nice gold or silver-edged calling cards? If so, call at the AVALANCHE office for them. We have some "real daisies."

Fine note paper only 10c per quire at the P. O.

It is nice to arise early on those cold mornings and listen to the sweet notes of the robins; but it is still nicer to have a wife who will get up and build the fire for you, while you lie in bed and tell the robin to go to—! Where, O! where, is the lucky and happy man? Echo answers, (no) "where!"

One of Grayling's young gentlemen was "tied" one day last week. As he called at the AVALANCHE office and politely requested us not to publish the event for certain reasons best known to himself, we of course comply. It was a good cigar, Ge—and we snooked to your future success.

Sewing machine needles and attachments at the P. O.

No business man should be without a nice business card. You can get them printed cheap at the AVALANCHE office.

From papers received from the southern part of this state we judge they have been "enjoying" cold weather down that way than we have been favored with here. (N. B.—This local was put in type last week; we guess we will "back-water" now.)

Messrs. Salling, Hanson & Co. come out with a brand new advertisement this week. They are an enterprising firm, and deserve the grand success they are meeting. It pays to sling printers ink. Read their ad., to be found in another column.

The midnight express coming south was detained at this station, last Friday morning, by a broken drive wheel, until another locomotive could be sent from Grayling, to take the train to its destination.—Otago Lake cor. in Elinora Gazette.

The Roscommon Pioneer of the 13th inst contains the following announcement: "The co partnership heretofore existing between A. L. Zahn and R. W. Ward is dissolved by mutual consent. R. W. Ward retiring. A. L. Zahn will continue the business and pay all the firm debts, and he can only receive for moneys due the firm."

The AVALANCHE office, Tuesday, received an order from Messrs. Salling, Hanson & Co. for over 2,000 bill-heads making the second order from that enterprising firm within a short time.

Jim Lynam is a benefactor of the human race; at least he has invented plans for a stove without a chimney. (Cheboygan Democrat: What is demanded by the interest of Christianity is a stove without a pipe. The pipe has caused many a man to fall from grace and the back of a chair.—Bay City Tribune.

Do not send away for your printing when it is a fact it can be done as neat and cheap at the AVALANCHE office as at any other office in the State.

Good gallon apples at J. C. Silsbee's.

Mr. J. O. Hadley, who has been absent in Bay City for the past few days, is expected to return to-day.

Main J. Connine, Esq., has received the appointment of deputy county clerk. An excellent selection.

Would it not be a good idea to appoint a critic at our debates? We think it would prove salutary.

A few more of those nice cookies at J. C. Silsbee's.

Mr. Rasmus Larson, clerk at the Manistee Hotel, being somewhat indisposed went to Bay City last week to seek relief.

Harpers School Books at the Post Office at publishers prices.

The AVALANCHE office has turned out some very neat and tasty bunting during the past few weeks. Call in and look at samples.

County clerk O. J. Bell left for Otago, Allegan county, on Thursday night of last week, on business. He expects to return Saturday.

Albert Maxwell, of the Grayling estate, has secured the services of H. M. Frost, of this city, as steward.—Bay City Tribune.

Nice Boston baked beans for 20c at J. C. Silsbee's.

Do not let anything except sickness or absence from the city keep you from attending the literary entertainment to-morrow evening.

The Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will hold a social at the residence of Mrs. R. Hanson to-morrow (Friday) evening. All cordially invited.

The passenger train south left this station this morning at 7 o'clock, and north at 8 o'clock. How long they will continue to run on this time depends wholly upon the "weather clerk."

In the House, on Wednesday of last week, Representative O. Palmer gave notice that he would, at some future day, ask leave to introduce a bill for the "protection of hotel and boarding-house keepers."

While we read of fires on all sides of us we cannot but think how fortunate Grayling has been thus far. During our stay here of over one year we have not had a single visitation to record; while we have been thus blessed, do not allow yourselves to become careless and fail to use all proper precautions to guard against the fire-tongued monster. During this cold weather we are more liable than ever to a visitation.

House bill No. 10, (file No. 2), entitled: "A bill to change the name of Shillard S. Beardsley to Frank S. Johnson, presented by Representative Palmer, was read the third time in the House on Wednesday week, and passed, all the members voting therefor, and on motion it was ordered to take immediate effect. Mr. Beardsley is a young man who has principally lived with Mr. Wm. C. Johnson, of Grove township, and as he is generally known by the name of Johnson, hence his petition for the change.

Good uncolored Java tea for 50c and 60c per lb. at J. C. Silsbee's.

On a tract of land near Grayling, Mich., owned by Engelmann and O. B. and E. C. Lewis, two camps are located. There are 70,000,000 on the tract, which surrounds a lake which is five miles long, and at the nearest point three and a half miles from the Manistee river. Into this body of water the logs will be rolled, and towed to the point in question, from which a railroad will be built, connecting with the river. The logs will be drawn from the lake and loaded on cars by means of an endless chain.—Northwestern Lumberman.

The cold wave struck us Saturday night. All day Sunday the thermometer indicated ten degrees below zero, and Monday morning the mercury had settled down to fifteen below, while on Tuesday it stayed at twelve. On Friday and Saturday, in Minnesota, Dakota, and other western States, the thermometer indicated from twenty to forty degrees below, and considerable stock is reported freezing to death. Fifteen degrees below zero is just about cool enough to keep us from perspiring, consequently we sincerely hope the mercury will have sense enough to go no lower.

While looking but through one of our office windows last Monday we discerned three funny-looking objects slowly wending their way into our city. We watched them intently until they had passed by, and still we were at a loss to tell what they were. We went to the door and peeped out, and noticed one of them enter the post office while the other two plodded onward further down. Thinking it a good chance for a first-class local, we rushed into the p. o. with pencil and paper in hand. Dear reader, judge our utter amazement, if you can, when, after divesting itself of innumerable outside "comfortables," lo and behold! there appeared a man—none other than our worthy supervisor from the township of Maple Forest, J. J. Conventry. He courteously informed us that the other two "what were they?" were Messrs. Hankinson and Cobb, of the same town. Well, well, gentlemen, you gave us a terrible scare, and the d— himself wouldn't have recognized you disguised in that fashion.—Here's our 10c—let's shake and call it "good quits."

Those who remained away (and they were many) from the debate last Friday evening missed a rich intellectual feast. It is to be regretted our citizens as a whole are not more in sympathy with these debates, as they are calculated to cultivate and improve the mind, and never fail in proving very interesting. In the absence of J. O. Hadley, Esq., Mr. Newton was called to the chair, and at the request of the chief disputants, Rev. S. Edgumbe, C. E. Strunk and the chairman, were selected to act as "supreme judges." The question, "Resolved, That the signs of the times indicate the downfall of this government," was ably argued, with many fine illustrations, by Messrs. Swarthout, Rose and Finn, affirmative, and Messrs. Woodward, Barrett and Traver, negative. As the majority rules—one of the judges being of a contrary opinion—the negative came from off the fight with flying colors. Where "judges" disagree who shall decide? We for one would like to have the same resolution argued again and the audience bathe the "executioners."—What say you?

Who has lost the following poetical love effusion? We publish by request, withholding names of parties and places: My dear, sweet Mary Jane, My heart is full of pain; Because I cannot see you to-night; I want to see you so bad It makes me feel very sad, O how I wish you were within my sight: I would lovingly gaze, Upon your beautiful face, While I pressed you close to my heart; We would tell each other of our loves; And we'd soo like turtle doves, And I'd be in no hurry for to start. O! what bliss I would enjoy, To hear you call me "darling boy," And then a kiss I would take; I would call you "darling little bird," In sweetest tones you ever heard, And what a loving time we'd make. But, my dear little elf, I'm all alone by myself, And I feel most dreadfully "blue," I know you feel just the same—But I assure you I'm not to blame—So, my dear, I'll bid you a kind adieu.

WHAT WE LEARNED. Following are a few of the very many things we learned at the debate last Friday evening: That Mormonism is steadily increasing. That Socialism is advancing with steady and rapid strides. That Rome has fallen! That A. J. Rose's father helped in the capture of Joseph Smith, the leader of Mormonism. That there is, in certain cases, danger of a small fire becoming a large fire if proper steps are not at once taken to extinguish it. That God must be a "liar" as well as all of "we" this. That all people must be "dumb fools" if they don't think and do so-and-so. That if you should (happen to) have a cheese in your house, and also a lot of little mice and a great big cat, said cheese is in danger of total annihilation.

That if you have a good housewife, and she stops up all the little mice holes and shuts up the great big cat, the cheese is safe—that is, unless your "appetite" cannot be controlled. That after an hundred years' existence we have a "just and perfect" government!

That there are "political intrigues" in this glorious country of ours. That it is a burning shame that such is a fact.

That most of the immigration from "foreign" countries are composed chiefly of "foreigners!"

That Christianity is marching onward.

That our schools are better than any other country.

That one of the participants did considerable "interrupting" while other speakers had the floor.

And last, though not least, That it is just barely possible for three great minds to disagree.

WHAT WE KNOW. The following are a few things which we previously did know: That we would like some word on subscription.

That we would like some cash on subscription.

That we would like five or ten thousand more cash-in-advance subscribers.

That not an over-supply of people attended divine services on Sabbath last.

That the days are perceptibly lengthening at both ends.

That the series of debates being given every alternate week are well worth a large attendance.

That Messrs. Salling, Hanson & Co. have a large lot of splendid penmanship per pound.

That some business men are complaining of times being rather dull.

That it is, presumably, because they do not advertise.

That the snow ought to be cleaned from off our walks.

That the "Glorious Fourth" is coming.

That Grayling will celebrate.

That we would not give one copper cent for the chances of the Hon. Thos. W. Ferry becoming our next U. S. S.

That our next Senator will be the gentleman who receives the requisite number of votes.

And last, though not least, That we had better adjourn the balance of our knowledge for some future occasion.

One-pound-cans of tea for 50c at J. C. Silsbee's.

The following dispatch from Gaylord to the Detroit Evening News tells the story up that way:

Gaylord, Mich., Jan. 23.—The snow storm of Sunday and yesterday were the worst of the winter. No trains have passed Gaylord since Sunday. Three engines and a palace car run off the track here last night through an open switch, blocking the road. The weather is very cold.

The Bay City Tribune, of yesterday, in an article on the cold wave, gives observations made at different points in the State, and places Grayling at 35 degrees below zero. Your informant, Bro. Tribune, must have been either drunk or cross-eyed, as no colder weather than 15 below has been experienced in this locality thus far this winter.

Laundry soap from one bar to four bars for 25c.; also a nice line of toilet soaps at J. C. Silsbee's.

The genial ticket-agent at this station, E. L. Davis, called at our office yesterday and gave us a "windy blow" about a huge snow-tunnel, half-a-mile long, just south of the city. He kindly offered to pilot us to the spot, and we accordingly donned our overcoat and accompanied him—as far as the Exchange Hotel, at which point he coolly informed us that he had been giving us "gas," and that if we wouldn't say anything about it he would "set up" the cigars. We promised, and he called for "5-centers," but we firmly, though pleasantly, hissed "10-centers or none!" We were triumphant, consequently "mum" is the word. [It may be proper to say that said afore-mentioned "tunnel" would be a tunnel only if it lacks a covering. The snow on both sides is higher than the smoke-stack of a locomotive.]

Unless our citizens take a deeper interest in the literary entertainments held at the hall every alternate Friday evening, to-morrow evening will probably be the "finale." A certain few have labored zealously, almost unceasingly, to get up these entertainments and make them profitable and attractive, and it is a shame the house is not well-filled on each occasion. We understand a fine programme will be presented, and we hope to see the house "packed." No admittance will be charged to get in or out, and therein possibly is where the Society make their mistake; if they were to charge an admission fee, perhaps more of our people would be bewitched to attend, as we have found by our experience in other cities, many seem to think a "free show" worse than no show at all. But, kind friends, attend to-morrow evening, and our word for it you will not regret following our advice, if you have any taste for that which is chaste and refined.

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LETTER HEADS, NOTE HEADS, BILL HEADS, BUSINESS CARDS, CALLING CARDS, Posters, Envelopes, Invitations, Etc., Printed with Neatness and Dispatch.

PRICES REASONABLE.

GIVE US A CALL AND BE CONVINCED.

BALL TOWNSHIP. EDITOR AVALANCHE:

Please allow us just a few words. Everything is lovely around here. Mr. Joseph McFunch, of this township, and Miss Mattie E. Mullen, of Lawton, Van Buren county, were united in marriage at Roscommon on Monday, Jan. 15th. Long life and good health to the happy couple. A B and C.

A FEW ROSCOMMON ITEMS.

We clip the following Roscommon items from the Bay City Tribune of Saturday, Jan. 20th:

A man named Donohoe, who is charged with stealing \$275 and a note of \$10 from an old man named Isaac Cole, was captured by Marshall Johnson Thursday, on the train going south, with the note and \$81 on his person. A reward was offered for his capture. The theft was committed at Roscommon on the 17th.

A family by the name of Thompson was found in an almost starving condition, a few days since, by a neighbor who chanced to call in. Thompson, the husband, had deserted his wife and five small children. They are living in a small shanty, which is very cold. The town has provided for their immediate necessities.

The Rev. James Armstrong of the Congregational church was called home on the 23rd by a telegram announcing the probable fatal illness of his wife at Wayland. He found her confined with erysipelas in the head.

A man knocked down and robbed of some \$40 on the bank of the river a few nights ago, as he was coming into town. The parties who were suspected of the act were four Frenchmen, one was arrested but nothing definite proven. A great deal of such kind of work is going on here.

If you wish anything in the printing line, call at the AVALANCHE office and examine samples and prices before ordering elsewhere. We are now better prepared than ever to turn out first class work.

FOR SALE.

Good house and lot in Grayling; also farm of 80 acres one mile from village. For particulars address W. A. Masters, or Lock Box 30, Grayling, Mich. nov16m3

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Land Office at Reed City, Mich., January 19th, 1883. Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and final entry thereof, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of the circuit court of Crawford county, Michigan, at the court-house on Monday the 18th day of February, 1883, viz: Benjamin C. Baker, Homestead Entry No. 8236 for the N. E. corner 18, town 25 N., range 4 W., and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz: Melvin Hegerman of Wellington N. E. 1/4 of Wellington P. O., Frank Cress of Wellington P. O., and Wellington R. Peterson of Wellington P. O. EDWARD STEVENSON, Register.

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Having the utmost confidence in its superiority over all others, and after thousands of tests of the most complicated and severe cases we could find, we feel justified in offering to forfeit \$1,000 for any case of cough, cold, sore throat, influenza, hoarseness, bronchitis, consumption in its early stages, whooping cough, and all diseases of the throat and lungs, except asthma, for which we only claim relief, that we can't cure with West's Cough Syrup, when taken according to directions. Sample bottles 25 and 50 cents; large bottles \$1. Genuine wrappers only in blue. Sold by all druggists or sent by express on receipt of price. John C. West & Co., sole proprietors, 181 and 183 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

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